

## **Put Your Head On My Shoulder by frecklesanddumbboys**

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**Summary:**

Sex with Richie is completely different. Eddie talks about it.

(Richie has sex playlists)

## Put Your Head On My Shoulder

### Author's Note:

This is something dumb I thought of after I heard a sound on tiktok.

They're just in love, you know?

If y'all want to see more reddie from me, I'd love to do it! You can message me on here or my tumblr is @ frecklesanddumbboys

It's not that Eddie thought sex was supposed to be bad.

He knew that other people really enjoyed it. It was talked about all the time in movies, TV, and music. Eddie was sure that sex was good for other people. He just thought it wasn't good for him. Sex with Myra always felt like a chore, but she seemed to like it okay. They didn't do it a lot, both not caring enough for the mess. But Eddie thought there was just something wrong with him.

Having sex with Richie ruined everything he had ever thought.

He's not even sure if Richie is that good, but it's just-

It's Richie.

Eddie's surrounded by him, drowning in him in the best way possible. Soft kisses and his big hands on Eddie's thighs. They'll hold hands while Richie's grinding into him, so slow, heat and love in between them. After they breathe together, inches from each other's face, grinning or laughing or moaning. Eddie doesn't feel dirty and it definitely doesn't feel like a chore. It's everything in the world lining up perfectly.

Not that it's always sweet though.

Sometimes it's not facing each other, Richie's face in the pillows as Eddie fucks him, both a mess. Eddie riding Richie or Richie edging Eddie until he screams. They experiment and they mess around and

make up for any and all lost time. And it's just so so good.

Something that is a constant in their sex life is music. Richie loves music all the time, but he always has music on during sex. He has multiple playlists, personalized and different for each mood (which he doesn't mind playing and explaining for other people). Most of the time Eddie thinks it's hot, but can't pay too much attention because he's giving Richie all of his attention. Whatever makes Richie happy, he'll agree to. Not that Richie needs to know that.

But sometimes it gets really sappy, and that's Eddie's favorite. A soft love song will come on, and Richie will slow down. He'll look at Eddie like he's the key to all happiness and he has to protect it. Most importantly, he sings. It's delicate and quiet, but it's there. He sings to Eddie because he's that in love with him. And Eddie is gone.

The second Richie sings, Eddie melts and all he can see is perfect, perfect, perfect. He loves him so much.

So yeah, Eddie's having some fucking great sex.

Eddie's on the couch after having the worst day at work when Richie puts on a sappy sex playlist. Eddie is so happy he could cry and they get to work, going pretty slow. Richie's humming along to all the songs, this list mainly having songs from the 60s, kissing down Eddie's body. When "Put Your Head On My Shoulder" comes on, he smiles softly, humming too and running his hands through Richie's hair, who is now kissing the inside of Eddie's thighs. Richie adds a little bite and looks up at him with love-filled eyes. Eddie already knows he's gonna sing.

But, he didn't sing what Eddie expected. He pulled Eddie's legs in towards him, face almost at Eddie's crotch and belted (almost yelled),

"Put your legs on my shoulders," He sang, grinning at Eddie's confused and almost frustrated face. "Hold me in your thighs, BAAAAAABY,"

Eddie is done at that point tugging, upwards on Richie's hair, "Richie!"

But Richie doesn't stop, he now sings into Eddie's chest, "Squeeze me oh so tight! Show me!"

Eddie throws his head back onto the couch and Richie moves on top of him to sing into his neck, "Cut my air supply off." And kisses down his neck to rest his chin on Eddie's chest. Eddie looks down at him, smiling slightly and trying not to show his amusement.

"I thought we were going to be romantic tonight," Eddie sighed. Richie sat up a little bit, grabbing Eddie's face.

"I can't think of anything more romantic than suffocating in those thighs Eds," Richie says, almost slurred, looking at Eddie like the world again. Eddie rolls his eyes, but can't hide his huge smile. He pulls Richie's hair again.

"You better get to work then," he says, making Richie sit up completely.

"Sir yes, sir."

Yeah, sex is not bad.